

**An Epitaph on the death of the right noble and most vertuous Lady Margarit Duglas good**  
 grace, Countesse of Linnox (& Daughter to the renowned & most excellent Lady Margarit Queene, Sister to the magnificent & most mighty  
 Prince Henry the eight of England, Fraunce and Ireland, Kinge, and by Gods permission Queene of Scotland,) who discaied this  
 life the ninth day of March. Anno. 1577. at hir mannoore in Hackney in the countye of Middlesex and lieth entred the 3. day of April at Westminster  
 in the Chapele of King Henry the seventh, her worthy Grandfather of Englande, Fraunce and Ireland King &c. The yeare of our  
 Lord God. 1578, and in the 20. yeare of our soveraigne Lady Quene, Elizabeth by the grace of God of Englande,  
 Fraunce and Irelande, Queene, defendour of the faith &c.

**R**epoynte run on, ringe forth thy doleful Bell,  
 That worldly wightes, may waile our great anoye:  
 In Court and Towne, our cause of woe do tel,  
 That stand distressed bereft of al our ioye.  
 With care see that, thy skyl thou do imploye,  
 To blase our luckles hap throughout each land:  
 That mortal wightes, our gretes may vnderstande.

Ladye  
 Margari-  
 t's grace  
 Daugh-  
 ter to the  
 eldest  
 Daugh-  
 ter of  
 Henrye  
 the 7.  
 now dis-  
 ceased,  
 borne at  
 Harbo-  
 tell three  
 yeares  
 before ill  
 Maye  
 daye.

And as we waile, so let constraint of paine,  
 Inforce them wepe, to thinke vpon our losse:  
 In woful wise, with vs, let them complaine,  
 That yeld of care, to beate the bitter crosse.  
 Let waues of woe, their mindes in anguish tolle,  
 Let flouds of flowing teares, each where be seene:  
 To waile this Dame, the Daughter of a Queene.

In princely place, let Prince and Peeres lament,  
 Let Noble Lordes, and Ladies yeld to waile:  
 For from the Courte a Iewel rich is hent,  
 And such a one as to her great auail,  
 Deserueh fame, though Death her life do quail,  
 Wher she might helpe, she would no harme procure:  
 Pou all can tel, her freindship was most pure.

A foe to vice and such as bitious were,  
 This noble dame continually did rest:  
 A freendly hart she did to vertue beate,  
 The fruites whereof did flourish in her brest.  
 To ritche and poore true frendship she profess,  
 Her wordes with deedes confirmed were each howe:  
 Then nobles al lament this fragrant flowre.

Cast of your filkes, your costly robes forbeare,  
 Abandon Ioy, let myrth an exile be:  
 Bouchsafe a while your mourning weedes to weare,  
 Betwixt this dame borne of so hye degree.  
 A royal prince, Henry the seventh euen he,  
 Of England, Fraunce, and Ireland, famous kinge,  
 Her Gran-lye was consider you this thing.

Her Lady mothers grace, that Margarit hight,  
 Of Scotland was, whilom the crowned queene:  
 And sister to, the right Henry by right,  
 Whose flowing fame in England shyneth greene.  
 Allied by birth this gem was to our queene,  
 Then noble states, munde you her blood and birth:  
 And helpe with teares to bring her to the earth.

Send forth your sobes, let flouds fall from your eyes,  
 This gracious gem, this pearle of prize beweepe:  
 And in your hartes, of Linnox that Countesse wise,  
 For vertue bouch, a true recorde to keepe.  
 And though her corpes in earth lye cloased deepe,  
 Consent to make memorial of her name:  
 That conquereth death by force of worthy fame.

Her loue to God was alwaies faithful founde,  
 Her lyf she led in loyalty and awe:  
 On truth she staid, to prince her troth was founde,  
 And stode in dread for to transgresse the lawe.  
 Infortune fel could not her hart with drawe,  
 From God nor prince, her thought could neuer chaunge,  
 He was her loue to countrey shovne as strange.

Then Brittaines kinde that sytte in honours stal,  
 Forget not you, to bid this dame adew:  
 And you in court, that meanest are of al,  
 With teares prepare, your louing frende to rebo.  
 Whilist life she ioyed she was a frende to you,  
 Her hart was meeke and humble to the ende:  
 Just cause you haue to wepe so good a frende.

You sutoys poore, haue lost a Margarit deate,  
 A precious pearle, the pillar of your trust:  
 Who willing was, your due demaundes to heare,  
 And to the prince to further causes iust.  
 Thinke on this Phenix rare of right you must,  
 Whose want, with woe bouchsafe a time to waile,  
 Her thyrne remaines, her presence you do faile.

Henrye  
 King of  
 Scots.  
 hir eldest  
 sonne.

In wedlockes right, whilist she possessed life,  
 This perelless dame most dutifull was founde:  
 Unto her worthy spouse she was a constant wife,  
 Faith knit loues knot, truth was her trustie ground.  
 Two sons she had most lye to be renowned  
 The one of Scots the diadem did weare:  
 Whose fatal syne is knownen to cuntry care.

Whilist he as prince did beate the royal sway,  
 The commons hartes most curtuously he wonne:  
 But treason false in cancred hartes did stay,  
 And traitors feare to worke his spoile begonne.  
 Yet weldeth now the scepter (there) his sonne,  
 Whose death did nyp this Countesse to the gall:  
 Yet did she ioy, his seede was safe from thral.

Her other sonne Lord Charles that worthy wight,  
 Espoused she see, whose seede she did embrace:  
 Yet death in time bereft him from her sight,  
 Whose want in her a double dole did place.  
 Twixt these extremes yet did this Ladies grace,  
 Use patience sweete to salue her inward griefe:  
 And praised God that was her comfort chiefe.

But as they race the course of time ware out,  
 And they to death constrained were to bend:  
 So to her state (Time) his compass court about,  
 And toucht her corpes with sicknesse sharp in end.  
 In which by faith on Christ she did depende,  
 Whose onely blood she did aspye and trust:  
 By faith should purge, her sin and make her iust.

Lorde  
 Charles  
 her son,  
 Earle of  
 Linnox  
 buried at  
 Hackney

Her hope was heauen, this world she did detest,  
 And when that death began to draw ful nyr:  
 To beate his stroke she patience pure posses,  
 And vnto heauen for sauegarde sweete did flye.  
 She vnto God with hart and minde did crye,  
 Preseue our queene and blesse this little land:  
 Her foes confound with thy out stretched hand.

This done she bids the noble Peeres adew,  
 She takes her leaue of friends and seruants all:  
 Mytyme is come, I take my leaue of you,  
 The fruite thats ripe, is soonest apt to fall.  
 And though to death my body now be thral,  
 I dye, to liue in heauen with Christ my loue:  
 And hope to reke with his elect about.

This said, her brest forthwith began to fayle,  
 And fading life, inclines to draw to ende:  
 She leaues this world vnto her great auail,  
 For Iesus Christ is found her surest frende.  
 From daunger great, his soule he doth defende,  
 Synne is defaste by vertue of his blood:  
 And he alone hath done this Countesse good.

Wife &  
 Lady to  
 the lorde  
 Charles  
 Earle of  
 Linnox  
 Charles  
 Kinge of  
 Scotland.

Her Daughter deare that louinge Lady kinde,  
 Her Gracelless death to mourne is redde prest:  
 The Lady younge that nature hath aspyde,  
 As yet for foode to claime the flowers brest.  
 Euen as it can with sorrowe is posses, (mone:  
 And Scotlands Kinge, his Gran-dams death doth  
 In Court and Towne a cause of care is shovne.

Her seruants all beweepe hir noble grace,  
 The poore each where, her losse with teares lament  
 From whom no time she once would turne her face  
 Her hart and hand they say, each howe was bent.  
 Their neede to helpe, and Hackney doth assent,  
 With wrynging hads to waile this worthies wack  
 That gaue them foode and clad the naked back.

But what can teares or prarching plaints pruaile,  
 Her time was come, and death hath cut her downe:  
 The scoe, three yeres she liu'd til death did quail,  
 The life of hir most worthy high renowned.  
 And now her head of life hath got the Crowne,  
 Her blessed soule befoze the heauenly kinge:  
 Both hymes of Ioy with saints & Angels syng.